

Why My Pig Follows the Simple Life—It's Her Figure!



My pig says one must look to the shape of her legs before venturing out a la mode these days, so she walks to market for the exercise.



Gwendolyn plays cards once a week and goes to the Wednesday sewing circle, but she never goes out at night.



Toasted bread is her main article of food. Gwen is also very fond of corn on the cob, but says she dislikes to wear food and avoids corn in company.



"Early to bed and early to rise" is her most popular piece of poetry.



Gwendolyn takes a cold shower every morning after her "daily dozen" to music.

By T. HOWARD KELLY.

FOR many months I have wondered how Gwendolyn, my blonde pig, managed to preserve the youthful lines of her figure. She is no longer a naive young thing. While I have never approached her on the subject of age, I gather now and then from remarks she casts that Gwendolyn has arrived at the age of discretion. As a matter of strict fact, there is a sense of delicacy and a mean of reserve about this particular pig that has always robbed me of the requisite nerve to bring on anything but the most conventional conversations between us.

Now if she was of the modern flapper class and dashed around with bobbed hair and college boys' scarfs instead of affecting old fashioned coiffures and modest bungalow aprons I wouldn't have felt any hesitancy about discussing with her such intimate subjects as age or the secret behind the preservation of her figure. But she is not!

This, then, in a nutshell was the why and wherefore of my ignorance concerning such matters in Gwendolyn's life up until yesterday, when by the merest chance we both started a subject that led to Gwen's revelations which I shall set down here for the benefit of all who are serious in their efforts to go through life with a girlish outline of form.

We met each other unexpectedly at the well early yesterday morning. At first I hurriedly shaded my eyes and looked discreetly in another direction. Frankly I was positive I had come upon Gwendolyn in her robe de nuit. For a pig she proved to have an admirable sense of humor, and was quite sensible in her

acceptance of a situation I had provoked by mistake.

She laughed aloud in a pleasant way and then said:

"You are wrong this time. I am properly costumed. This is a brand new bungalow apron which I bought at a bargain yesterday while out to market."

Taking her at her word, I removed my hand from my eyes, feeling, of course, somewhat foolish for what appeared to be my overindulgence in goody-goodness.

"You didn't think for a moment I would walk out in the morning dressed in a nightgown, did you?" she questioned banteringly. I confess that I was shocked by her temerity in keeping a rather risqué subject going. Apparently she was amused somewhat by the situation. Well, since she was in the mood, I decided to fire some questions at Gwendolyn which her reserve and dignity had precluded asking before.

"Gwendolyn," I started, as we both leaned against the sides of the well, "this may sound rather impertinent—and a sort of shocking—but, tell me, how do you manage to keep your figure willowy like that of the jazz mad debutante?"

It was my pig's turn to blush furiously and appear embarrassed. She avoided my eyes for a few moments. Believing I had been too hasty and not subtle enough in my phraseology I started to beg her pardon and call the matter off when with a sudden gesture of determination, as if to defy all parlor rules and conventions, Gwendolyn began to speak.

"Really—I never dreamed of a moment when I would be speaking so frankly of such a matter. I am mid-Victorian, you know—not a frank flapper. But here goes!

"Ever since I can remember I have been an advocate of the simple life. The frills in life are the things that make men and women lose the grace and agility of their youth. History will prove my theory and my case proves my belief. Look at the Romans and the Greeks! Why, in the days when they were hardy, simple living warriors they were the greatest nations in the world."

"It was when the women of those times began to strut around like peacocks and bring their boys up to lead luxurious, pampered lives that Greece took her flop. When the Romans began to stage all night parties, go to afternoon teas and listen to jazz music all the time Nero's little red wagon stalled and there wasn't a man in Rome able to crank it up again."

"So much for history to prove that the simple life is the best. Now let me give you my own story. It is not vanity that prompts me to keep my girlish figure. I want to feel good and be able to go through a day's work or play without being dead when night comes around. Keeping my figure trim is, after all, only one of the visible results of leading the simple life," declared Gwendolyn.

"What is your idea of the simple life?" I asked.

"The old rhyme of 'early to bed and early to rise' is the beginning and end of

my creed. I always get up at sunrise. There is nothing like the tonic of early morning air. I take my daily dozen to the tune of a phonograph. Immediately after my exercises I rub down with a coarse grained towel. Then I take a cold shower, even on the coldest days of winter. It is very invigorating.

"I make a regular practice of eating on a strict schedule. Breakfast is always served in my place at seven sharp. Dinner at noon. Supper at six. I believe in no highfaluting ideas of dining. There is no lunch served in my dining room at noon. I stick to the good, old fashioned idea of midday dinner. Toasted bread is the main article of food I depend upon. I am one pig who does not make a hog of herself at any time. It is rare that I ever indulge in any kind of meats. I often wonder how anybody can expect to keep a trim figure when they insist on gorging themselves with heavy meats and rich desserts."

"Vegetables in season are very fine things to eat. I must confess, however, that my two favorite garden dishes cause me a great deal of embarrassment at the table and for that reason I do not serve them often. I speak of corn on the cob and green peas. The corn is so difficult to eat without wearing it all over one's face—and they do not build forks capa-

ble of keeping peas from rolling off. What can a poor pig do?"

"I do every bit of my housework. Believe me the housewife who is taking up golf and other sports for exercise is just trying to avoid work. The indoor sport of washing dishes and keeping the house straight is exercise enough to keep your figure beautifully rounded out, or slim, if you prefer it so."

"Every day I do my own marketing on the cash and carry plan. I am economical to the last penny. But I don't believe in stinting myself. The walk to market and back keeps my leg muscles well developed, and let me tell you that in these days of abbreviated skirts one must look to the shape of her legs before venturing out a la mode."

"My social life is based on a normal desire for company and amusement. I play cards once a week and go to a sewing circle every Wednesday. But I never go out at night. After the dishes are washed and dried and everything is set to rights I spend an hour or so in my window. I always retire at 9 o'clock."

"So that is the simple life as you live it," I said, believing Gwendolyn to be finished.

"There is another thing, and a very big item it is, that enters into my idea of the simple life for a woman. I allude to

her dress. A woman who covers her body with all sorts of finery and wonderful costumes has to take unnatural means to wear some of those kind of clothes—"

To me it seemed that Gwen was getting off on a dangerous subject again. But she kept on, regardless.

"I wear bungalow aprons most of the time," she declared; "even my party dresses are patterned like them. They allow freedom of body movement and do not tend to stifle the natural growth of the form in some places and make it abnormally developed at others. I never wear high heeled slippers—I never wear—"

"Do you smoke?" I interrupted hastily, half afraid she was going to make an admission that would cause me to blush. "Smoke!" repeated my pig scornfully. "Well, I should say not. But I was going to say that I never wear cor—"

"Do you—?" I tried unsuccessfully to ward off the inevitable once more. But Gwendolyn was too insistent.

"I have never worn a pair of corsets in my life," she shouted. "Whalebones and tight lacing—"

The subject was getting too indelicate and Gwen was far too frank for me. I withdrew hurriedly and confusedly, swearing that the phone had been ringing for half an hour.

The World's Greatest Rookery

WHAT is probably the most densely populated rookery in the world is Hat Island, in the Great Salt Lake. Too remote from the mainland to be disturbed save by the passing boat parties, on a rocky mountain top that juts a hundred feet above the brine, with not a drop of fresh water to be found and where there is nothing to excite the cupidity or commercial instinct of man, these birds make their home.

The island can be seen at a distance of ten miles, rising like a cocked hat out of the sapphire of the inland sea. As one nears "the Hat" great pelicans with their enormous pouches showing distinctly circle near the craft and settle lazily into the water. Seagulls, at first singly, then in pairs, and finally by hundreds, also join in the "reception." As the boat comes to rest in a little cove of the island tens of thousands of shrieking, screaming birds fill the air. The birds are utterly fearless. Protected as they are by the laws of the State, they have had little cause to fear man and his death dealing weapons.

The air is literally alive with birds—beautiful white crested seagulls, terns, gulls, darker and more slenderly built but larger than the other gulls; blue herons, commonly called blue cranes; flocks of huge, unwieldy pelicans that measure six to nine feet from tip to tip when full grown, and an occasional cormorant. They rise from the ground when man approaches, deserting their nests and their young, and circle in a living cloud.

It is necessary to exercise the greatest care to avoid stepping on the nests and eggs of the tens of thousands of sea fowl that have established their rookeries on that islet of twelve acres. The eggs of the gull, colored like those of the English sparrow but almost as large as those of the chickens, are found by the hundreds in the hot, white sand, with no protection from the elements. There are eggs of the tern gull, too, a little larger and darker than those of the ordinary gull.

Then, too, there are the pelican eggs,

larger than a goose egg and chalky white. The eggs of the blue heron or crane are a beautiful blue, almost like those of the robin, but of course much larger. Those of the cormorant are white, with tiny freckles of rusty brown.

Thousands of young seagulls, looking almost like young barnyard chicks but with longer, sharper beaks, scramble from the path of the intruder and squawk feebly if too young to scamper to safety.

The strangest sight of all is presented by the flocks of young pelicans, which act like so many sheep. Great, ungainly bodied, butter fat, so clumsy that they can scarcely waddle out of the way, these young birds flock in droves. With their long yellow beaks, sharp as sword points, they would be able but for their clumsiness and helplessness to make it extremely uncomfortable for any man. But they are so helpless that they may be herded together like sheep and driven at will across the sand and in the sage brush.

When these ungainly birds are pursued they disgorge the contents of their pouches. It has been charged that the pelicans destroy many trout, bass and other game fish, but among the thousands of dead fish one sees on Hat Island there will be found less than a dozen trout or bass.

As the sun nears the western rim of the lake an uproar is heard. Far away to the northeast specks are seen in the air. They are the adult pelicans returning from the mouth of the Jordan River or from Bear River, fifty and seventy miles distant, laden with fish for the young. Their pouches are distended with carp and other fish, and the young pelicans, always hungry, set up maddening screams when they see the old birds approaching.

The cormorants are as numerous on Hat Island as the gulls and pelicans. The cormorant is a famous fisherman, and although he has a "gripsack" beneath his bill like the pelican he carries great carp across of brine to his young. They, like the young of the pelicans, are fat as butter balls.

Mr. Henry Ford,
Detroit, Mich.

DEAR MR. FORD:

You will be surprised to hear from one as unknown to you as I am. But you are far from a stranger to me, as I have enjoyed many a ride in your well known product.

I often tell my friends I would take one in preference to one of the better looking ones if I had my choice. Yet wherever I go I hear them made a good deal of fun of by the ignorant.

Now, Mr. Ford, I have thought up a scheme to stop all this knocking and turn the laugh the other end around.

First let me say I am a young man of pleasing Personality who is ambitious to succeed as you have done, by Main Strength, asking no Favors, but just Forging ahead by Sheer Merit.

But before I decide upon a line to take up as my Life Work I desire to round out my Education and Broaden myself.

I maintain that the more a man knows of his Native Land the less of a Flivver he is likely to be. So I am planning a Tour of the United States.

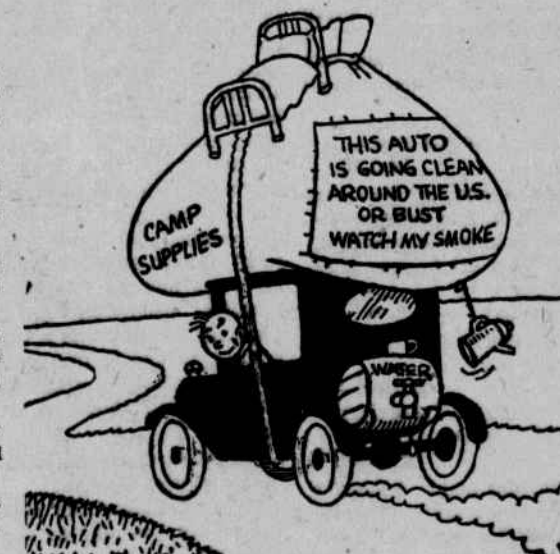
I hope to start in July and tour across to see Niagara and your famous Factory in Detroit, then on to the Yellowstone and see the wild animals there, and next to Oregon and Seattle.

Turning left, I will tour down to San Francisco, where the Earthquake was, and Hollywood, where the Movies are, then east across Texas and all that Region of vast Plains to New Orleans, with her wonderful levees and Molasses.

Next, to Florida and St. Augustine, the oldest city in America, founded by Columbus in 1492, thence north across the cotton fields of Georgia to Washington, stopping to pay respects to our President, and so home.

I may detour to Kansas City, where I have an Aunt living, and Pike's Peak. But this is my itinerary in general outline as I have outlined it to you.

Visiting many parts of the nation, I will come in



close as well as intimate touch with large numbers of our American people, making friends with great and small wherever I rove.

I will travel the entire distance by Auto, camping by the wayside except when invited into Homes. This will reduce the expense to a Maximum, since it costs like Sixty to stop at hotels. I am no Lounge Lizard anyway.

Besides, if you stop at a Hotel you have to put up your Boat in a Garage, and they may take it out for a Joyride on you behind your back, and then you wonder where all your Gas faded to.

You may think it will be pretty Nervy for a young man of my age to go boldly touring through all those strange parts and wild Regions. But the only thing that worries me is, the trip will cost about \$200 for gas and oil.

I will make my own repairs, of course, which will be a big saving when I get into the rough country down around the Rocky Mountains.

Now the question is, what make of car to make the trip in, and here is where you come in, Mr. Ford.

Not to keep you in suspense, my proposition in brief is briefly this:

If you will meet me half way and supply the car I will guarantee to use it on my trip in preference to any high grade car that may be offered me.

All I will ask of you in addition will be, say, \$250, to be on the safe side, for gas and oil.

On the back of the car I will carry a large painted sign, saying:

THIS AUTOMOBILE IS GOING CLEAR AROUND THE U. S. A. OR BUST. WATCH MY SMOKE.

Thus I will advertise your Product to the American people in a way to command their respectful admiration. When they see what the little old car can do, maybe they will stop their Kidding.

At first, let me confess, I thought of making my Tour in a bigger car. So I wrote people who make a bigger car some time ago.

They seemed quite interested. They wrote back for my Photo and other data, such as what make of Brain Food I used.

But as I have not heard from them in some time now I have decided not to monkey along with them any longer.

As soon as I hear from you I will write and tell them the deal is closed and they are too slow to do business with a Hustler.

Now, Mr. Ford, I hope to hear from you soon, as summer is here and I am very anxious to see this vast Country of ours.

Cordially yours,
HOMER BALMY.

P. S.—A Sedan would be better to sleep in in case of rain or mosquitoes, but I am not particular, Mr. Ford. Any kind of Body will do, except, of course, a Tractor.
H. B.

Crabs That Steal Eggs and—Children!

CRABS are not usually looked upon in the light of a nuisance, but there are some species which cause bother and alarm.

Oddly enough, the fisherman of Japan has a supreme contempt for the gigantic crab of his coast, which has nippers ten feet in length, and when moving along the bottom of the sea with its claws spread out covers an area of twenty-two feet or so.

The destructiveness of certain species of crab in the West Indies is remarkable. On Grand Cayman they are as heartily detested as the rat. They are great burrowers, and in localities where they are plentiful—and they multiply with the rapidity of the rodent—nothing is safe from them. They will eat even the eggs on which a hen is setting as greedily as the hen herself if she does not run away, and just as readily the leaves of seedling coconut trees. They effect in the West Indies practically the same great degree of destruction on the young coco-

nuts as the sepy crab does in the East Indies. In each instance some 8 to 11 per cent. of the seedlings have to be replaced, if they are planted in newly cleared ground from which the crabs have not been thoroughly cleared out.

These land crabs destroy vegetation and are responsible for frequent patches of bare soil in the bush, which, when the crabs are gone, soon become covered again. Into their holes they take things for which they cannot conceivably find any use—a knife, a boot, a book and any tools they find lying about. During the drier months in the earlier part of the year they go underground to change their shells, and add to their destructiveness by thoroughly barricading the mouths of their burrows with all sorts of rubbish, reinforced with tree shoots and young saplings, nipping them off or uprooting them.

No crab, however, has the infamous reputation—fabulous it most likely is—of the sepy crab of the

Indian Ocean and Eastern waters. This crustacean, often seen on the shores of coco islands, and sometimes, although seldom by day, climbing up the coco palm to steal the fruit, is between a crab and a lobster.

The sepy spend its time stealing coconuts, dragging them to the mouth of its burrow among the tree roots, peeling them and eating the almond lining. The sepyso—so called from the blue and white uniform of the soldiers (Sepoys) of the old East Indian Company—about two feet long, are not feared by the natives, who put their arms into their holes and seizing the claws in a bunch whip them out suddenly.

But they speak with awe of the rare monster crabs that exceed three feet in length, and one of them is said to have once stolen a child. This story is told not only in the Islands of the Mauritius and of Diego Garcia but so far apart as Lord Hood's Island in the Pacific, where the sepy is also found.